

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 117. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1846.

PRICE 1½d.

THE LADIES' INITIATIVE.

'WELL, Mr Balderstone, you are the most provoking person in the world—always bringing up that absurd idea of yours about our marriage. I should have expected you, at the end of twenty years, to have got tired of it, as I'm sure I have been for many a day. And to speak of it before people too! It is positively shameful.'

'Quite a true idea, however—I will go to death upon it. I was a young man taken in and done for. Perhaps well for me I was; but however that may be, so was the fact. I advert to the circumstance as a curious point in human nature, not as opprobrious to you, my dear Mrs B. Content yourself on that score.'

'Point in human nature! And so, to illustrate human nature, you are to represent me as having degraded myself by drawing you into matrimony! Oh, Mr B., Mr B.!'

Here all the gentlemen at table set up their ears, as for a coming joke, while the ladies affected to look excessively indignant. Mrs Balderstone was all injured innocence.

'What, in brief, is your idea, Balderstone?' inquired my friend Sleeman.

'Why, it is just this—that, in our courtship, I believe it was only in appearance that I represented the active voice, and she the passive; for, in reality, intending it or not, she was the means of bringing our acquaintance up to marrying point.'

'I entirely deny the allegation,' said Mrs Balderstone; 'but let him go on.'

'Well, how was it?' said Sleeman.

'Why, if you would believe her, I performed courtship in the customary manner recognised among civilised nations; that is, showed an interest, paid attentions, took charge of an album, and allowed myself always to happen to take the next seat to hers at table, till at length it seemed meet to me to propose for her hand, which she, with a great deal of coyness, accepted.'

'Yes,' interposed Mrs B., 'that is the true account.'

'That I deny. The true account is this: at our first interview she proved extremely agreeable, and passed a very pretty compliment upon my violin-playing. Seeing her then to be an unusually attractive person, I asked leave to conduct her home, and found a gracious acceptance. We met again soon after, and she gave me such a decided preference as a partner in the quadrilles, that I became partial. She expressed a hope that I had brought my violin. I had done so, and in the course of the evening played a few solos. Not only did she listen attentively, but when an impertinent young beau addressed her in the middle of my playing, I observed her frown him into silence. There was so

much good sense there! We had a chat afterwards about Wordsworth, when I found her so completely of my own opinion as to the wonderful powers of the then neglected Lake poet, that I became convinced she was an extraordinary young lady. We so coincided, too, in our taste for the country. The town was horrible—only to be dwelt in from necessity. How delightful to consort with nature in her own domain—to watch the changes of the seasons, to roam the flower-gemmed fields or the shady forests, to see the sun rise, to hear the lark sing, to mingle with the simple-hearted rustics, and join in their glee. Oh there was nothing like the country!'

'Well, I think so still.'

'Yes, but that is not the point. The affair now went on rapidly. We agreed to consider ourselves as friends, and, in that character, to discuss a vast number of matters in conversation and by letter. We were to be quite abstract: it was understood, if not expressed, that it was no love matter, but only a communing between two uncommonly harmonious spirits, whose being of opposite sexes was only as it happened. I inserted at the same time in her album all the sentimental verses I had ever written, from school-days downwards. She liked the general style of them amazingly, though there were two lines which she thought might be improved, if I would give them my attention. About that time, spending the evening at her mother's house, I found a young officer present, whom they represented as an old friend. Very well, he was an old friend, and therefore entitled to be treated on comparatively familiar terms. What was this to me? Strange to say, it made me uneasy. I could not bear to hear Georgina abandoning her fine mind to the frivolous commonplaces which suit a military understanding, and I came away disconcerted.'

'He did not enter into your views about Wordsworth?' said Sleeman.

'Not at all—nor she neither for the time. It happened that just that night I had brought in my pocket—designing to read it to her—a critical analysis of the Excursion, which I had written for a west of England magazine. It had to lie *perdu* where it was, as Georgina was too much engrossed with the lieutenant's account of a recent ball, given by his regiment at their last quarters, to have any ear for either poetry or criticism.'

'Well, your friendly correspondence would be perilled?'

'Yes, and what was the provoking thing, my standing on the footing only of a friend gave me no title to complain. I was wounded, but had to conceal my hurt.'

'You have no idea how sulky he looked with it, though,' interposed the lady.

'Perhaps so. I daresay it was capital fun for you.'

I went one morning, designing, if possible, to express my opinion of friendships with unideal officers, when, behold the object of my antipathy on the ground before me! They were just going out to visit a picture exhibition. I retreated in great vexation of spirit, and that night wrote to Georgina, telling her that friendship was all very well, but nothing to love—

'Which I thought the oddest procedure in the world. What had my going to an exhibition with Lieutenant Littlepate to do with the transformation of friendship into love?'

'Nothing in theory, but a great deal in practice, as I found to my cost. Three days after, I was Georgina's accepted lover. Three months after, we were married! You see, Sleeman, how it was?'

'Oh, perfectly; but by all means give us your own ideas about it.'

'Well, I was quite blind at the time, and for about a year after our marriage. But I then began gradually to see the real nature of the case. The feeling of preference had first arisen with her. She had gone ahead in attachment all the way along, though never betraying it.'

'Come, come, Mr Balderstone,' exclaimed two ladies at once. 'This is too bad,' pursued one of them, 'to make out your wife to have acted in such a manner. I stand up for her, and for my sex in general. It is a scandal to us all.'

'Listen, my dear Mrs Asperall,' said I, 'and you will find I design no scandal. I acquit the lady of the slightest approach to impropriety. I do not think there was any harm in what she did. It was all very innocent and natural in my opinion. What I wish to establish is merely the fact, that I was a person acted on in the case, and not the prime agent. On investigating, in recollection, the origin of our attachment, I find that what first drew my attention at all, was a certain graciousness of manner towards me. She dropped, perhaps by mere chance, a word in praise of my violin-playing. My love of approbation was excited, and I became disposed to think favourably of her understanding. When she bade me adieu that evening at her own door, there was an undefinable something in the words, that remained with a pleasing effect in the memory. Strange that the shadow of a tone will rest on the heart, and be fostered there! At our next meeting I began with some *emprossement*. It might have appeared as something spontaneous on my part; but, in reality, it was the effect of these same impalpable demonstrations of hers on the previous occasion. Then our harmony of opinion on literary and other subjects arose simply from this—that I spoke my own feelings, and she assented to and approved of them. She did so, because, in all sincerity, I believe she felt that they were, in the main, just, or was too partial to criticise them rigidly; but the effect was to increase my respect for her mental character, and to add to the interest already excited. Afterwards there was plenty of ardour and extravagance on my part, and no want of delicacy and shyness on hers—'

Mrs B.—'Well, I am glad he acknowledges that at least.'

'And yet each one of my words and acts was the result of something foregone on her part—something that, with a look of water, always somehow proved to be oil: mean it or not, such was the effect of her conduct. And thus, throughout the whole affair, seeming and reality were in constant contradiction. She was virtually the courting party, I the courted. And I have

no doubt that, when I at last made my proposals, she was at once surprised by them, as she professed to be, and yet had been, in some recess of her mind, wondering at their not being made three weeks before. Verily, wonderful are the mysteries of the female character! And so ends my ditty.'

'Well,' said Mrs Asperall, 'if my man were to make any such charge against me, I know what I should do! Asperall, who was sitting at the other end of the table, observably shrunk up into a smaller space. 'What do you say to it all, Mrs Balderstone?'

'Oh, I deny everything. It is all an innocent dream of my worthy spouse. But I don't suffer alone. Thinking he had made a great discovery in our case, he has set his brain a-fermenting about it, and now he believes that, in a full moiety of instances, the women take, as he calls it, the initiative.'

'Oh monstrous, Mr Balderstone! So you traduce our whole sex! Oh—oh!' and all the ladies, with uplifted hands and averted eyes, murmured, 'Oh—oh!' As for the gentlemen, they were evidently under the influence of those feelings which, in favourable circumstances, develop themselves in mirth.

'You may martyr me with your fans, ladies, if you please. I would die rather than bate one ace of my opinion. But don't suppose I bring it forward as an accusation against you. I rather think you quite justifiable in dividing with us the privilege, as it has been thought, of commencing *les affaires du cœur*. What imaginable right have we to be exclusive in this respect?'

'Ah, that is a very clever way of softening the matter,' said Mrs Asperall; 'but we disclaim all pretension to such a privilege. No, no; the woman is to be wooed, and the man is to be thankful if he can induce her to accept him. Our sense of feminine delicacy is shocked at the very idea of a lady doing anything which is to have the effect of bringing a man to her feet.'

'That may be a prejudice,' said I. 'But, anyhow, what we are first concerned about is the fact. Let philosophising come in its proper place afterwards. Now I say fearlessly—nay, strike me, but hear I—that, in a very large proportion of instances, probably amounting to a full half, the man is first moved by some hardly definable, yet true and real, symptoms of a partiality on the lady's part towards him. A word, a look of kindly grace, often suffices. And even the more obdurate men, who have passed scatheless through hosts of blandishments, are apt to be caught at last by some casual revelation of feeling on the part of one from whom no one would have previously thought that any such danger could come. Mind, to be successful, it must be *natural and unpremeditated*. No putting on of an air of preference will serve. No trick of any kind can be of avail, except with mere ninnies. But an honourable and sensible man is always liable to be affected when he thinks he can read in a woman's bosom, *before she can read it herself*, the trace of that magic element of life—LOVE!'

'Come, Mrs Asperall, this does not look so bad for us after all,' said a lady at her side.

'There is nothing bad about it, let me once more tell you. It is as natural for a woman to become inspired with a feeling of attachment, as for a man. The only difference is, that her delicacy—a property which I believe to be natural to her, not a mere result of education—shrinks from a broad, deliberate avowal of the sentiment. But she cannot wholly disguise or conceal it. It will then depend entirely on the man's penetration, and his seeing only a natural betrayal of her preference,

whether he is to be affected by it, and moved to love in return. We have all read in the divine Mantuan's eclogue—"I love Phyllis before all, for she wept when I departed." Now, how eternal and invariable is human nature!—one of the men of highest rank and fortune in this country, was first inspired with a regard for his amiable consort by a tear which came into her eye on his departure from her father's mansion. During his whole residence, and to the moment of his leaving, there was no symptom of preference: any such demonstration towards a man so obviously an object for matrimonial speculations, would have only been disgusting. But the departed returned for something he had forgot—the tear, a natural tear, was there; and it had the effect of inspiring an affection which might otherwise have never existed.

'There is one other instance, in a very high rank, of the affair having taken its rise with the lady,' said Sleeman significantly.

'Yes, and good right the lady had in that instance,' quoth Mrs Balderstone; 'why, how was she ever to get a husband otherwise?'

'Right,' said Sleeman; 'and you might say the same thing in a vast number of other cases.'

'Oh, Sleeman, you're a horrid creature.'

'Well, but,' resumed I, 'set all jesting aside. It is only facts, and just inferences from them, which can settle such a question. The plan I took was to make up a list of married pairs whom I know, or have known, intimately, and to set down against each what I have been able to ascertain regarding their courtship. Here it is. [*Intense sensation all round the table—fright visibly depicted on the face of Asperall.*] Of course, what is true in one man's circle of friends will be true in another's, and in the community at large. There are Mr and Mrs D'Oyley; the lady known to have gained him by praising a paper, which turned out to be his, in a review—doubts entertained whether she had not at least a suspicion of the authorship. And there are Mr and Mrs Fender; the gentleman known to have had no idea of marrying till Miss Wood's regard for him was betrayed by a lady cousin of his, to whom she had confided her secret. Mr and Mrs Jones—the lady had a fortune—saw one evening a handsome young fellow who, not having a penny, was about to go to India: they danced in two quadrilles, and met again once or twice: she asked him, and they were immediately married. Our friend Wakley—all the world knows his sisters courted him into marrying their friend Susan Hewit, who had taken a fancy to him. And so forth. What need of enumerating cases? [*Face of Asperall brightened considerably.*] Let summation decide the matter. Now, I find there are nineteen cases in which the gentleman fell in love with the lady, and took unequivocal first steps; and eighteen in which the lady had the priority, being, as near as possible, a half. I have not only, then, shown you the grounds for my opinion in human nature—made out, I may say, an *à priori* case—but proved from facts that it is really as I say; that is, the ladies take the initiative just about as often as the gentlemen—though, dear innocent creatures, they are, for the most part, quite unaware of it. I could even go further with the argument, and show the final cause of lady courtships in the sad torpidity which characterises some men, the modesty of others [*Cries of oh! oh! from the ladies in all parts of the house.*], the fears of many as to family responsibilities [*Cheers and counter cheers.*], and various other considerations tending to inappetiveness amongst our sex. But it is quite unnecessary. Enough has been done to carry the question hollow, if it is to be decided by reason, and not by prejudice.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs Balderstone amiably, 'as you are never wrong, we'll hold that you are right in this case. Only don't be too long in following us up stairs.'

'Ah, Mr Balderstone, you're a sad man—I did not expect it of you,' quoth Mrs Asperall, sailing off to the drawing-room.

'Bravo, Balderstone!' cried all my gentlemen friends at once. 'We'll drink your health, my boy, in a fresh bottle of claret, if you will give it us. You have caused our sex to have the best of the plea for once.' [*My health drunk with uproarious cheers, concluding with 'one cheer more,' demanded by Asperall.*]

THE BATHS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THE baths of the Romans have been frequently and elaborately described, but we think the following historical sketch, extracted from M. Corbel Lagneau's recently-published *Traité Complet des Bains*, contains many points of interest, some of which are not familiarly known.

The use of the bath has existed, in all probability, from the beginning of the world, since it is founded in the most natural wants of man. The necessity of maintaining the cleanliness of his person, of defending himself from the heat of a burning sun, and of seeking refreshment after the fatigues of the chase, war, or labour, must have taught him, from an early period, the advantages derivable from bathing. But in barbarous ages, in which art had as yet accomplished nothing for the conveniences of life, men merely plunged into rivers, streams, fountains, and other natural reservoirs of water. They were far from dreaming of the erection of apparatus by means of which they might be enabled, as at a later period, to take their baths at any time, season, or place, and of an agreeable and salutary temperature. Doubtless the discovery of hot springs, which must have existed then, as in our own times, at various parts of the earth's surface, suggested to them the happy idea of communicating different degrees of heat to the water they employed, and of erecting more commodious and less dangerous receptacles. It was amongst the nations of the East, the earliest reapers of the benefits of civilisation, that industry and the arts made the first efforts to satisfy the wants of men, and perpetuate the taste for, and employment of, warm baths. The custom was carried from Asia to Europe by the colonists, who successively established themselves in Greece, Italy, Iberia, and Gaul.

Greece knew the use of warm baths in the time of Homer, for mention is made of them in several passages of the writings of that poet; and among others, where he depicts the delicious life led in the palace of Alcinous, and when he relates the reception given to Ulysses by Circe. Among the Greeks, the Lacedæmonians were the first, according to Thucydides, who adopted the custom, borrowed from Asiatic nations, of appearing naked at the public games; anointing themselves with oil, and covering themselves with sand, prior to the contest, and then plunging into hot baths. But the employment of baths in private families was not even yet very general in the time of Hippocrates. This prevented his recommending the bath in many diseases which called for its adoption. As to the public baths, they formed part of the *gymnasia* to which they were attached.

The Romans were accustomed, in the early period of the republic, after a day employed in labour in the fields, to wash only the arms and legs; and every ninth day, when they came to the city, to be present in the assemblies for state business, they bathed the entire body. At that period the Tiber or neighbouring streams formed their bathing resorts, vapour and hot-water baths being scarcely known to them. It was only at a late period they thought of establishing public or private baths. The city, by reason of its situation on hills, presented great difficulties for the conveyance of water. It was not until about four hundred and forty-one years after the foundation of Rome that water was brought, for the first time, from Tuscum, by means of an aqueduct constructed by the censor Appius Claudius. Aqueducts were multiplied afterwards; and baths, or *thermae*, were constructed in various parts of the city, characterised as yet by the ancient Roman

simplicity, as may be seen from the description of that of Scipio Africanus, left us by Seneca.

The new custom which the Romans adopted towards the last years of the republic, of attaching baths to the gymnasia, rendered them indispensably necessary; and the frequent application which physicians, from this period, made of them in the treatment of disease, powerfully contributed to the increase and embellishment of these salutary and useful structures. But it was not until the reign of Augustus that they began to give to their warm baths that air of grandeur and magnificence which is yet to be observed in the ruins which remain. The public baths should, in fact, be justly considered as the most remarkable structures of the Romans. Their founders were princes, who, in their anxiety to conciliate the good-will of the people, endeavoured to surpass all that had been executed before their time. To conceive a just idea of them, we should examine the plans of the principal edifices, as traced by Palladio. In beholding his designs of the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorned the walls and ceilings, we are at once astonished at the perfection of the objects they represent, and at the exquisite purity of taste which then prevailed in the arts. Much more than this; we find ourselves forced to acknowledge that all the efforts of modern art, in the decoration of our palaces, museums, and churches, are in general but servile imitations of the wonders which the baths of Agrippa, Nero, Titus, &c. offered, near two thousand years ago, to the admiration of the Roman people. [The rarest marbles, precious vases, bronzes, columns, statues from the chisel of the greatest masters, and gildings skilfully applied, contributed to the brilliancy of the interior of these gigantic monuments.

It is difficult to enumerate the immense number of uses they were devoted to. Besides the vast basins, and the thousands of recesses (the *thermæ* of Dioclesian contained three thousand) appropriated to the different baths, there were found there theatres, temples, amphitheatres, palaces, festive halls, vast open promenades planted with trees, schools frequented by youth, academies where learned persons assembled for discussion, and libraries to which every one might freely resort.

The most complete establishments contained numerous apartments devoted to the various processes connected with an elaborate system of bathing. The bather, after having undressed, was conducted into the *unctuarium*, where his body was freely anointed with strong oils; afterwards, in an adjoining apartment, it was covered with fine sand or powder. He now repaired to the *sphæristerium*, an immense hall or rotunda, in which he engaged in wrestling, or other gymnastic exercises calculated to develop physical power. When the locality admitted of it, the *sphæristerium* was uncovered, and exposed to the sun; or rather, in the best-appointed baths, there were two *sphæristeria*. The various games were continued until the sound of a bell announced that the vapour and hot-water baths were ready. To these the crowd of bathers now proceeded, each person taking his seat on a marble bench, placed below the surface of the water, around immense basins, wherein swimming might be executed when agreeable. While here, they diligently scraped the skin with a species of ivory or metal knife, termed a *strigilis*, by which they detached all impurities from the surface. The *tepidarium*, or tepid bath, and *frigidarium*, or cold bath, were finally employed for a short time, for the purpose of bracing the pores of the skin, relaxed by so long a proximity of moist heat. Before dressing, those who desired to employ perfumes again repaired to the *unctuarium*.

The baths belonging to private persons differed, of course, from those devoted to the service of the public, as each person followed his own taste in their construction. The same apartment sometimes served for various purposes; and the modifications of form, &c. were as numerous as those of the fortune and the luxurious taste of their proprietors. It was, indeed, the fashion to ex-

hibit an almost insane luxury; and thus we find Pliny addressing severe reproaches to the ladies of his time, who covered the floor of their baths with silver.

The baths of the ancients, although usually built after a similar plan, yet offered a notable difference. At Rome, even in the most splendid establishments, the greater portion of the extent of the edifice was appropriated to baths, properly so called, which obtained for them the name of *thermæ*, from the Greek word *thermos*—heat. But with the Greeks the gymnasium occupied almost the entire structure, the bath itself being but of very limited dimensions. This difference exhibits the passion for bathing which seized the Romans towards the end of the republic, and continued to possess them until the fall of the empire.

At first, the public baths were only opened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and closed at five: the sick alone having a right to enter them at any time. Latterly, the emperors, wishing to conciliate the people by their favourite amusement, ordered the doors to be opened sooner, and closed later. Nero had them opened at twelve; Alexander Severus allowed the baths to be entered from the break of day, and even furnished, at his own expense, lamps and oil for lighting them. From that time the Romans may be said to have passed their lives at the baths. They frequently bathed twice a day; and hot water constituted one of the indispensable elements of their existence. We must not, however, attribute this singular passion exclusively to fondness of bathing. The desire and hope of meeting with friends, of discussing the topics of the day, and passing the time agreeably, were no less powerful motives.

Pliny relates a fact which proves the singular jealousy with which the Romans regarded all relating to their baths. A statue of a bather, scraping himself with the *strigilis*, was placed in front of the *thermæ* of Agrippa. It was executed by Dysippus, and of such marvellous beauty, that Tiberius, who admired it more than any other statue in Rome, had it removed to his own bed-chamber. The populace, unable to bear the deprivation, covered him with insults until he had restored it.

One of the greatest largesses an emperor could confer on the people, on an occasion of public rejoicing, was to decree gratuitous admission to the baths. So great was the passion prevailing for this pastime, that when Rome was labouring under fear, and mourning on account of frightful calamities which had afflicted her, Titus, in order to dissipate these, ordered the rapid construction of the *thermæ* and amphitheatre which bear his name.

Of all the Grecian people, the Lacedæmonians were the only ones in whom the gymnasia and baths were common to both sexes. The ancient Romans were far from following such an example, and carried modesty so far, as to consider it improper that a father should appear at the same bath with his son, or even son-in-law. Later, however, the corruption of manners made such progress, that in the reign of Domitian, women and men bathed pell-mell together. This custom, then generally adopted, was afterwards prohibited by Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius; again tolerated by Heliogabalus; and finally abolished by Alexander Severus.

The baths were frequented indiscriminately by persons of all ranks. The noblest and richest persons there found themselves mingled with the poorest plebeians. The following anecdote, related by Spartian, leaves no doubt upon this point. The Emperor Hadrian, he says, frequently bathed with a crowd of the people. One day he perceived an old soldier, who, having no person to cleanse his skin for him, contrived a substitute by rubbing his back against a wall. Hadrian, who had known him in the field, inquired why he did this. He replied, because he had no servant. The emperor immediately ordered him some slaves and a pension. The news of so benevolent an action, performed before so many witnesses, quickly spread into every part of Rome; and the next time Hadrian came to the public baths, several old men did not fail to be there

also, and endeavour, by the same means, to attract the notice and generosity of the prince. But the emperor, who had remarked the contrivance, far from treating them as he had done his old companion in arms, caused strigiles to be distributed to them, and ordered them to employ them by assisting each other.

It was not only the city upon the seven hills which contained public and private baths. They existed in all the towns of Italy, and in the palaces of the nobles and freedmen. They were found also in all the Roman provinces. In our time even, it is easy to perceive the vestiges of the Roman *thermæ* in every country which formed a portion of the empire.

The greater number of these magnificent edifices, which, during the most illustrious period of the empire, had constituted the pride and delight of Rome, were destroyed by the Vandalism of the barbarian hordes. Those which were not pulled down were otherwise employed, or, being no longer repaired, gradually fell into ruin. Baths, which formed one of the requisites for the effeminate and luxurious life of the Romans, were, for the warrior and invading nations, mere means for the preservation of cleanliness. Thus the new conquerors were satisfied with taking a bath, as in the time of Scipio; and their slight taste for luxury never inspired them with the idea of erecting monuments resembling those which decorated the ancient city of the masters of the world. Utility and cleanliness were the only objects held in view in the construction of the *thermæ*, which were henceforth erected in Italy or the other countries of Europe. We find, by the 'Ephemerides Troyennes,' that baths were much frequented during the whole of the middle ages, until the sixteenth century—the epoch at which the use of linen became general. After giving a description of the ruins of the *thermæ* which remained at Troyes, Grosley adds, 'The barbarism of the middle ages not being able to attain magnificence, confined itself to the convenience of the public baths, and other establishments, which were erected in Europe. The idea was due to the Arabs, among whom the arts and sciences had found an asylum. The crusades and commerce had opened up to Europeans the countries which flourished under the rule of this people, and the natural taste for imitation did the rest. The vapour and public baths were, for a long period, as much frequented in Europe as they are at the present day in the Levant. People were attracted to them for the sake of health and cleanliness; but, above all, from the want of society felt by persons who saw little of each other except in these places. Some took water baths, others vapour baths; while several came only to gossip, comfortably protected from the cold. For these last, the baths were what the stoves of Germany, the *restamnets* of Holland, and the *cafés* of Paris, are to this day.' M. Marchangy, in his 'France in the Sixteenth Century,' says, 'It was only at the baths, at church, or in sickness, that women ever saw each other. The men also assembled at the baths, the barber's, the wine-shops, and the market-places. There were private baths in the hotels; and persons asked to dinner were at the same time invited to bathe.'

By St Foix's 'Historical Essays on Paris,' we find that the seigneurs and great ladies took a bath daily prior to dining, and that the citizens took several a-week. 'The use of vapour baths,' he says, 'was formerly as common in France, even among the common people, as it is, and has always been, in Greece and Asia. They went to them almost daily. St Rigobert caused baths to be built for the canons of his church, and supplied wood for heating them. Pope Adrian recommends the clergy of each parish to go to bathe, in procession, every Thursday, singing psalms the while.'

As in the times of the Roman emperors, the promiscuous assemblages of the two sexes leading to immoral conduct, gave rise to ordinances and statutes, which were not always strictly obeyed.

Although the increasing use of linen has much diminished the hygienic necessity of the bath, and has occasioned the ruin and neglect of the establishments of the

middle ages, yet public establishments have not ceased in our times to become multiplied on every side—thanks to the salutary counsels of medicine, the progress of civilisation, and the amelioration of the material comforts of the masses. Thus there is not a street in Paris, of any importance, which does not contain several baths; and although we find new establishments springing up every day, all, in spite of the number and proximity of rivals, seem to increase and prosper, giving, as it were, the measure of the necessities of an intelligent and enlightened population. It is thus, by spreading through all ranks of society, that this usage has already produced the most satisfactory results as regards the public health; and, by its happy influence, has diminished, among others, the number and severity of the affections of the skin, which no longer, as heretofore, exhibit at every corner of the streets this disgusting aspect of human infirmities.

TO SLAY OR TO SAVE?

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'WELL, I must say I was never more surprised than I have been to-day,' exclaimed Colonel Simmonds to his wife and daughter; 'and I am annoyed too; it is so disagreeable to lose a servant that knows what one likes.'

'You mean Pierce, I suppose!' said the lady.

'You have heard about it, have you?' replied the colonel, who had just come home from parade. 'I am sure I wish the old major had been alive again to plague me, rather than have left fifty pounds to be used for such a purpose. It would have taken a good many years, and no common luck, for Pierce to have saved enough to purchase his discharge.' And as he spoke, he dashed down his hat with a very undignified demonstration of ill temper.

'What, I wonder, could have induced him,' rejoined the lady, 'to leave such a legacy to a common soldier? If he had remembered one of the children, now, I could have understood it.'

'Oh, there is some story of Pierce having caught his horse almost at the moment it had thrown the major, and when he would inevitably have been dragged by the stirrup, and killed perhaps. It was a year or two ago, and I forget the particulars; but the major always took notice of him afterwards.'

'Then, I suppose, he is not a coward, as one would think he must be from his wishing to leave the army,' exclaimed Laura Simmonds, a young lady who had received only a superficial and class education—a misfortune not uncommon to the children of officers, who are constantly moving their families about with their regiments. In truth, her nature was as largely compounded of silliness and pertness as seemed compatible with the position of a gentlewoman. Here, too, was that excessive pride of station which attaches itself, in a remarkable degree, to the families of military men, and shows how corroding to the best impulses of the heart, and to the dictates of common sense, must be those strong prejudices which, early implanted, petrify themselves into the character with the encouragement of years. She thought the greatest person in the world was a soldier, and the next degree of rank was to be the daughter of one.

Walter Pierce was one of those handsome, athletic, noble-looking men, of whose imposing appearance as a 'bold dragon' the recruiting-sergeant is well aware. As a mere youth—which he was when he enlisted—he promised to be such. I do not know precisely under what circumstances the 'persuasive' sergeant succeeded in his endeavour. I never heard that at that early age Pierce had been driven to desperation by a disappointment in love; and as he has always been of temperate habits, it is not likely he enlisted in a fit of intoxication. Thus two of the story-tellers' favourite excuses are at once rejected. Probably he embraced a profession which, to his cost, he found bitterly unsuitable and uncongenial to his tastes and inclinations, from feelings and circumstances common enough. A fine character is seldom that which

is early developed; and, moreover, in youth it is often fatally ignorant of its own nature. At eighteen he might have been dazzled by the vain word 'glory,' and not have known how to distinguish between the false and the real; and he might not have surmised that he possessed energies and aspirations which could by no means be satisfied in the life he was adopting. Walter Pierce had been seven or eight years in the army at the time he is introduced to the reader; but though he bore the highest character, and had always been remarkably attentive to his duties, it is certain that, for a long time, he had cherished beyond every other earthly hope that of one day obtaining his discharge. Fortunately for his own peace, he had had the discretion to keep his wishes to himself, or he would soon have become equally unpopular both with his officers and comrades. Perhaps the 'old major' might have guessed something of the kind, for sympathy gives us great powers of discernment. At any rate, Pierce had agreed with avidity to the proposal his colonel had made some time back, that he should undertake certain duties of a servant—an arrangement common enough—for the sake of the additional money he should be able to save.

In more respects than one, this partial domestication of Pierce in the colonel's family had not been without its results. There was a certain waiting-maid, Fanny Brownlow by name, whose arch beauty and lively manners had made no slight impression on the heart of the soldier. Now Fanny was as useful to the ladies as Pierce had been to the colonel; and the silliest people, when urged by selfishness, become cunning. Accordingly, Miss Simmonds, entertaining a wholesome terror that the most tasteful dresser of hair, and skilful fashioner of dresses, might be lured from her to share the fortunes of Walter Pierce, seized with avidity the opportunity for ridiculing him, which his withdrawal from the army afforded; divining, perhaps by instinct, that even serious accusations, made in a straightforward manner, are generally less injurious to the party attacked than the shafts of ridicule, if ably directed. Events must show the result.

Although Walter Pierce had procured his discharge, and gone through all the formalities attending it, he lingered for several days in the neighbourhood of S—, where his regiment was quartered—and this notwithstanding his express determination of going to London without delay, that he might push his fortune in the metropolis. For three consecutive evenings he might have been seen sauntering up and down a certain shady lane, and pausing occasionally at a substantial stile, which had often been used as a seat by the weary. A stranger might have guessed he was expecting to meet some one there, and would not have been wrong. It was on the third evening, just as the August sun seemed gathering all the glory of the day towards the crimson and golden west, that the pretty Fanny walked leisurely down the lane, and gave Walter Pierce the meeting of which he was again almost despairing. He sprang eagerly forward the moment she came in sight, and all the warmth of the greeting was on his side. Fanny had dressed herself in some cast-off finery of her young mistress; for though she came to discard a some-time lover, her vanity prompted her to summon all her powers of fascination on the occasion. To tell the truth, however, the faded but smart bonnet, and the soiled silk dress, became her as little as did the affectation of manner she also assumed.

'I declare I did not know you, Mr Pierce,' she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand coldly and decidedly from his lingering grasp; 'you look so different in plain clothes.' And she scanned him from head to foot with a glance that seemed to say, 'It was the red coat after all; I wonder I could have seen anything in the man himself!'

'But my heart is the same, Fanny,' he replied, 'under the soldier's coat or the civilian's'; and his words had a more mournful tone than would have been prompted a few minutes before. Her altered manner had already begun its work.

'It is a very faint heart, at any rate,' said the pert girl with a sneer.

'It thought itself very bold just now,' sighed Walter; 'but I am afraid you are right. I have scarcely the courage left to speak the words I wished you to hear—or the pride,' he added after a moment's pause—'the pride to hide how much you have wounded me.'

Either really a *little* touched, or fearful she had bent the bow too much for her purpose, the coquette relaxed sufficiently to draw on the disclosure she desired; and Walter Pierce poured out his story with the natural eloquence of a true heart.

'I do not ask you,' he exclaimed, after confessing his attachment, 'to share my uncertain fortunes; I do not even ask you to pledge yourself to be mine. But I know that I have energies which, if properly directed, may raise me to some certain position. Then—then—if a year hence you still are free, and I have a prospect of competence from any honest employment, will you, Fanny, dear Fanny—will you give me some hope to lead me on, and cheer me through all my struggles?'

'I thought you had something of this kind to say,' replied she, withdrawing the hand which he had foolishly taken again. 'Honest employment indeed! I suppose you will turn a tailor or a tinker!'

'Well, there are both at least as useful, and therefore as honourable, occupations as that of the soldier. But I don't think it likely I shall become either.'

'However, it doesn't signify to me a bit,' continued the girl; 'I wouldn't marry any but a soldier—no, not for the world. And I can tell you I am not the only person you know who has a contempt for all others. Miss Laura says just the same.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied Walter; 'and sorry at—the mistake I have made.' There was a bitterness in his tone which, but for the sadness which mingled with it, might have seemed contemptuous. The vain and heartless girl felt that she was not altogether a conqueror; and when saying something about the lateness of the hour, and that she must return home, he made no objection to their walking in that direction, it is possible she would have given—what precious thing shall I say!—her smart bonnet to recall the past hour. To such characters as hers, either in high life or low, the repentance for having been deficient in tact is of a very keen sort.

I hope Walter Pierce is the most interesting person introduced to the reader; and yet we must not track his fortunes for a while so narrowly as those of the pretty waiting-maid and her mistress. He journeyed to London we know; and fortunately he was possessed of a little money, which enabled him to look about him, and not plunge, as so many have done from desperation, into an utterly unsuitable occupation. The discipline of the army had to a certain extent unfitted him for any very sedentary employment; but to a much greater degree did it disincite employers from engaging him. Yet he was aided in his career by high principle, and by that moral courage which would dare all things rather than betray it. It might be, too, that the taunts which had reached him in consequence of his withdrawal from the army, had caused him to examine his own heart, till well he knew there was no 'cowardice' there, no deficiency in the power alike of action and endurance—a power which would increase in proportion to the strength of the governing motive. That only is true courage which, seeing and understanding a danger, yet calmly braves it for the achievement of some noble object. How different from the meaner impulse which is often called by its name, but which only arises from ignorance and insensibility, in combination with selfish or angry feelings!

Surely there was some employment in London for which Walter Pierce was eminently fitted. Let us leave him to seek it.

The military predilections of the pretty Fanny induced her, a few months after Walter's departure, to bestow herself upon a 'dashing sergeant,' and enter upon all the honours and some of the trials of 'a soldier's wife.' And not long after this, her young mistress consoled herself for the loss of an efficient waiting-maid, skilful in hair-dressing and divers toilet arrangements, by marrying a certain Captain Dormer, an officer belonging to a good

family, and the heir to a large property. Circumstances, however, were destined to bring mistress and servant again into something like their former relative positions, in a manner they had never expected.

Fanny's husband proved bad in the superlative degree; indulging in the curious variations of conduct and treatment by which a bad husband can make utterly miserable the woman he has sworn to love and cherish. Now, there are some natures—not the highest perhaps—which absolutely require a course of suffering to bring out the latent good of their characters, and poor Fanny belonged to this class. Vain, frivolous, and selfish, not till she had suffered herself did she learn to feel for others, and look at human life as it really is. She became a mother too, and this event developed yet more the better feelings of her heart; yet so completely did ill usage wear out any affection she might have entertained for her husband, that the circumstance of his being ordered to India, about two years after their marriage, was a source of rejoicing to her. She absolutely refused to accompany him, preferring to earn a subsistence in England in any capacity which might offer itself. Her old mistress, who had never lost sight of her favourite, was now in want of a servant for her child; and though Fanny's infant was somewhat of an obstacle to her taking a situation as domestic servant, it was one of those obstacles which strong inclination will overcome. It was arranged that Fanny's little one should be placed with a relative; while Mrs Dormer's attachment to her servant, the knowledge of her sorrows, and recollections of their early life, combined to procure her far more indulgence in respect to seeing her child frequently, than she could have expected from a stranger.

Mrs Dormer was scarcely less improved in heart and mind than her humble friend, though she had learned from a gentler teacher than suffering. Hers had been the great good fortune to marry a man of superior mind, who had had the penetration to discover the better qualities of her nature beneath the layer of prejudices and false impressions produced by a neglected education. After all, there is always great hope of correcting the errors of youth, which, I firmly believe, except in cases of natural incapacity or innate depravity, struggles towards the right, and only needs a helping hand to lead it on, instead of what it too often finds, the evil influence of sordid minds and narrow intellects, to lure it into the by-paths of selfish worldliness. In truth, it would not have been very easy to recognise, in the sobered minds and enlarged sympathies of the two young mothers, the selfish, thoughtless girls we first introduced.

Years passed swiftly away; news came often from the East; but, unfortunately, neither gunpowder nor a tropical sun has respect for persons, nor a discretionary power to spare valuable lives and sweep off the worthless. Fanny was still bound to a husband whom she hoped beyond all things never to see again. It might be that sometimes the thought would rise to her mind of how different her fate would have proved had she wedded her early lover; but fortune never threw him in her path, and she was completely ignorant of his fate.

The hitherto happy career of Mrs Dormer was not destined to remain unchequered. On the death of an aged relative, her husband prepared to take possession of a large landed property, to which he was heir, when, to his great dismay, a rival claimant appeared in the field. All the miseries, anxieties, and perplexities of litigation followed; and, in asserting their just rights, the Dormers became cruelly impoverished. Their establishment was reduced as much as possible; but Fanny, true to the better impulses of her heart, remained faithful through all, performing tripled duties upon reduced wages, as many an attached servant—to the honour of the class be it said—has done under similar circumstances. Touched by her fidelity and affection, Mrs Dormer proposed, after a while, receiving her child into the house. Among several children, she said, one other little mouth was not much to feed; but Fanny felt grateful, nevertheless, and with all her manifold labours, she was happier at this period than she had ever been.

After a struggle of three years' duration, the right triumphed, and Captain Dormer was put into possession of certain documents which secured to him the rich estates of his kinsman. With lightened hearts the family paid a visit to London, chiefly that Captain Dormer might arrange legal business, to do which his presence was indispensable. They drove to one of those sumptuous hotels where every comfort and luxury is to be obtained for money, intending the next day to seek a more permanent residence. Wearied by a fatiguing journey, the whole party retired early to rest; but their rest was to be fearfully broken. Just at that dead hour of the night when the sounds of revelry are over, and those of early labour have not commenced, they were aroused by a cry which, of all others, brings with it the greatest terror. 'Fire! fire!' burst upon their half-awakened senses; and starting simultaneously from their beds, they saw a lurid glare from the opposite wing of the building, and felt the suffocating smoke, which was rolling in huge waves towards them!

In a moment of awful agony like this, life, dear life, is the one thing thought of. Seizing the elder children by the hand, Mrs Dormer succeeded in making her way down stairs to a place of safety, whence kind-hearted strangers conducted them to a neighbouring house; and seeing that these dear ones were safe, Captain Dormer burst the door of his servant's room with one blow, and exclaiming, 'My child, my child!—follow me, and save yourself!' he snatched his own youngest one from the cot where it slept by Fanny's side. Fanny attempted to follow with her own child, now a girl of five or six years old, in her arms. But, alas! terror had paralysed her for a moment, and in that moment a wreath of smoke hid Captain Dormer from her sight. Strange as it may seem, the increased danger appeared to sharpen her faculties. She remembered having heard that in an extremity of this sort there is often a stratum of clear air near the ground, though even a few inches above it suffocation would be inevitable. Accordingly, she dragged herself and her child to the floor, and found that, by crawling on hands and knees, it was possible to breathe. The ascending smoke even permitted her to see the feet of chairs and tables, and a portion of the furniture, by which means she made some little advance towards the staircase, her piercing shrieks being heard the whole time above the din of the crowd and the blessed sound of the pouring water; for engines had arrived, and the ever-ready, all-helpful fire brigade!

The period of Fanny's absolute danger might be counted by seconds rather than minutes; and yet did it seem to her an eternity of agony; but at the moment when lingering hope was yielding to frantic despair, she saw a man's strongly-shod feet moving rapidly towards her, and the next instant felt herself and her child caught up by what seemed the arms of a Hercules! As he neared the street with his burden, the cheers of the crowd rose with a deafening shout; but her rescuer tottered on the steps; for, despite his 'smoke-proof' head-gear, he had suffered much; and as some of the bystanders almost tore it off him to afford him air, while others supported Fanny and her child, she recognised in her deliverer the not-to-be-forgotten features of Walter Pierce! He had indeed found an occupation for which, by his noble heart and dauntless courage, he was peculiarly fitted. High in the service of the fire-brigade, it was his to save instead of to slay, and to brave the most frightful death in endeavours to aid the helpless. Oh these true heroes—these brave-hearted men! Every thoughtful heart warms at the contemplation of their doings.

The first violence of the fire abated, and the lapping tongues of flame stayed in their devouring, there was time between thanksgiving for life spared to recognise and bewail the loss of property. Captain Dormer remembered with indescribable agony that a tin box, containing the papers which secured to him his inheritance, was either already consumed, or awaiting certain destruction. Once more Walter Pierce came to the rescue. He heard the description of the box, and was himself the one to draw Captain Dormer back when he was on the point of

rushing into the burning house; for he was a brave man as well as a doting father.

'I must do it,' he exclaimed, struggling with Pierce, 'or my children are beggars.'

'I will go, sir,' replied the other; 'I am a father, and can feel for you. But we are used to these scenes, and heed not the danger.'

So saying, he disappeared from Captain Dormer's sight; but all made way for one of the brigade; and a few minutes afterwards, a moment before the roof fell in, the cheers, not so loud as when life had been rescued, but still hearty cheers, announced that our hero was once more safe and successful.

It was a curious scene which took place the following day, when, in consequence of Captain Dormer's intreaty, Walter Pierce waited upon him at his temporary residence. As was natural, the conversation began by inquiries connected with the catastrophe (though nothing was known with regard to the origin of the fire beyond vague conjecture and imputed carelessness); but in a few minutes Mrs Dormer entered the room, anxious to join with her husband in grateful acknowledgments—having heard from Fanny to whom it was they were so much indebted. Though Walter Pierce was somewhat disfigured by the recent singeing of his hair, and a wide scar upon his cheek—the result of a wound received by a falling beam some months before—she recognised him in an instant, sooner even than he remembered her; and she felt that it was not enough to thank him with every expression that could emanate from deep-feeling for his heroic conduct, but to ask pardon for the slights she had put upon him in her girlish days. Prompted by her better feeling, she shook his hand warmly, and acknowledged her early faults, adding, 'There is another who is anxious to see you—one whom, with her only child, you saved last night. Fanny, come in,' she continued; for the trembling woman still paced at the door.

'Fanny! is it possible!' exclaimed Pierce. 'And it was you I saved! This is indeed happiness.'

Poor Fanny would have sunk to the ground, had not Mrs Dormer placed her in a chair.

'Yes, Fanny—dear Fanny, great happiness; for though we both are married—and I only hope you are as happy as I am—I have always thought of you with kindness and interest, and wished that we might meet again. I assure you I have often talked to my wife about my first love.'

'Your wife! And whom have you married?' exclaimed Fanny with some naïveté, and finding it impossible to repress the large amount of feminine curiosity she possessed.

'Why, mine is rather a romantic story,' replied Pierce; 'and if I should not be intruding it on the company, I will tell it as briefly as I can.'

A sign from Mrs Dormer, and exclamations from all, intreated him to proceed.

'I came to London an adventurer, as I think you know; and but a few weeks afterwards, while wandering about the streets one night—for my mind was too restless for me to be still—I had the opportunity of assisting to rescue the inmates of a house in which fire had suddenly burst forth. This put it into my thoughts to offer myself as a recruit for the brigade; and being neither faint of heart nor weak of limb, as I had proved, I was gladly accepted. I was promoted as rapidly as possible; and have, for the last three years, held an office of considerable trust in the corps. With regard to my marriage, it came about thus: I was happy enough to save the life of a tradesman's daughter, a beautiful young woman, and one who unites to a clear and cultivated intellect one of those gentle natures which are usually the greatest admirers of anything like daring courage. You see it was just an accident my saving her—nothing but in the routine of my duty—yet somehow neither she nor her father ever felt it so, nor can I to this day make them understand it. Well, it was what the world would call a match above a poor man; and had I not loved her very dearly—for you see they would invite me constantly, and give me the opportunity of falling in love—I never could have mastered

my pride enough to woo her. But you guess the end of the story. We are the happiest couple in the world. I do not think the whole earth contains such another dear little wife; and she thinks, I believe, that the meanest man in the fire-brigade is greater than the generalissimo of the British army. But this perhaps is natural to one who well nigh perished in the smoke of a burning house.'

Perhaps the brave and somewhat blunt Walter Pierce did not think at the moment how peculiarly capable his 'first love' was just then of echoing the sentiments of his wife.

Pierce resolutely refused the roll of bank-notes Dormer strove to press upon him; but the captain managed, a week afterwards, to invest double the sum in the funds for the benefit of a little chubby infant, who took the name of Dormer Pierce.

MR BROOKE IN BORNEO.

MADE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

In a former article, we traced the progress of Mr Brooke from the time he entertained the idea of carrying commerce and civilisation into Borneo, to the conclusion of his first visit to Sarawak, during which he had surveyed a considerable portion of the adjacent country, and acquired a knowledge of its produce and capabilities. We shall now follow him through his second and subsequent visits, which were signalled by the suppression of rebellion and piracy, and finally by his installation as rajah of Sarawak, with a mixed community of Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese as his subjects.

In August 1840 Mr Brooke landed a second time at Sarawak, and found his friend Muda Hassim still lingering there, while his forces were endeavouring to quell a rebellion among the Dyak tribes of the interior. The rajah's cause being just, and Mr Brooke feeling that no security could be given to commercial pursuits while the natives were in this distracted state, readily volunteered his assistance, and proceeded to the seat of war with part of his crew, properly equipped for the occasion. This rebellion, although it had continued for more than a year, seems to have been a very paltry affair, and one which a troop of British soldiers would have brought to an issue in a couple of days. The native tribes, though not destitute of personal courage, could never be brought to open conflict, their tactics consisting in taking each other rather by surprise than by valour, and in endeavouring to reduce to a capitulation by threats and blockade. For these purposes, they were continually planting stockade after stockade, and striving to cut off each other from supplies of food and water. Here is a graphic picture of their procedure:—'Dawn found us on the advance to our proper position. A thick fog concealed us, and in half an hour the people were on shore busy re-erecting our fort, less than a mile from two forts of the enemy, but concealed from them by a point of the river. No opposition was offered to us; and in a few hours a neat defence was completed from the debris of the former. The ground was cleared of jungle; piles driven in a square, about fifteen yards to each face, and the earth from the centre, scooped out and intermixed with layers of reeds, was heaped up about five feet high inside the piles. At the four corners were small watch-towers, and along the parapet of earth a narrow walk connecting them. In the centre space was a house crowded by the Chinese garrison, a few of whose harmless gingalls were stuck up at the angles, to intimidate rather than to wound. Whilst they laboured at the body of the defence, the Dyaks surrounded it by an outer-work, made of slight sticks run into the ground, with cross-binding of split bamboo, and bristling with a *chevaux de frise* (if it may be so styled) of sharpened bamboos about breast-high. The fastenings of the entire work were of rattan, which is found in plenty. It was commenced at 7 A.M., and finished about 3 P.M., showing how the fellows can get through business when they choose. This stockade, varying in

strength according to circumstances, is the usual defence of the Sambas Chinese. The Malays erect a simple and quicker-constructed protection by a few double uprights, filled in between with timber laid lengthwise, and supported by the uprights. Directly they are under cover, they begin to form the ranjows or sudas, which are formidable to naked feet, and stick them about their position. Above our station was a hill which entirely commanded both it and the river; to the top of which I mounted, and obtained an excellent view of the country around, including the enemy's forts and the town of Siniawan. A company of military might finish the war in a few hours, as these defences are most paltry, the strongest being the fort of Balidah, against which our formidable assault was to be levelled. It was situated at the water's edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of the river, and a large house with a thatched roof, and a look-out house on the summit; a few swivels and a gun or two were in it, and around it a breastwork of wood—judging from a distance, about six or seven feet high. The other defences were more insignificant even than this; and the enemy's artillery amounted, by account, to three six-pounders and numerous swivels; from three hundred and fifty to five hundred men, about half of whom were armed with muskets, whilst the rest carried swords and spears. They were scattered in many forts, and had a town to defend, all of which increased their weakness. Their principal arm, however, consisted in the ranjows, which were stated to be stuck in every direction. These ranjows are made of bamboo, pointed fine, and stuck in the ground; and there are, besides, holes about three feet deep, filled with these spikes, and afterwards lightly covered, which are called patobong. Another obstacle consists of a spring formed by bending back a stiff cane with a sharp bamboo attached to it, which, fastened by a slight twine, flies forcibly against any object passing through the bush and brushing against it: they resemble the mole-traps of England. The Borneos have a great dread of these various snares, and the way they deal with them is by sending out parties of Dyaks during the night to clear the paths from such dangers.

In this way the opposing parties went on stockading, till they were within parley, and then, like the heroes of old, they bullied each other. 'We are coming, we are coming,' exclaimed the rebels; 'lay aside your muskets, and fight us with swords.' 'Come on,' was the reply; 'we are building a stockade, and want to fight you.' And so the heroes ceased to talk, but forgot to fight, except that the rebels opened a fire from Balidah with swivels, all of which went over the tops of the trees. This mode of bullying and stockading at length exhausted the patience of Mr Brooke, who was, in reality, the commander-in-chief of the grand army, and he therefore insisted on carrying the town by storm. This, however, the native leaders regarded as little short of insanity: one talked of the loss of heads which such rashness would occasion, though only one man had yet fallen in the campaign; another talked of erecting forts in the surrounding trees, and 'puff, puffing' down into Balidah, accompanying the words 'puff, puff,' with expressive gestures of firing. None of them, however, would budge; and so Mr Brooke collected his artillery, and dropped down the river to Sarawak. The rajah was so alarmed at this loss, that he offered a large tract of his territory if the English would only stay and assist him in this difficulty; he would accompany them in person, and see that Balidah was carried by assault, even should he fall in the attempt. Mr Brooke was thus induced again to equip part of his crew, and re-ascend the river—the rajah's brother, and not himself, accompanying the party. It was now a couple of months since he had left the seat of war, and when he arrived again, he found the grand army in a state of torpor—eating, drinking, and walking up to the forts daily; but having erected these imposing structures, and their appearance not driving the enemy away, they were at a loss what to do next, or how to proceed. On

his arrival, he once more insisted on mounting the guns in their former positions, and assaulting Balidah under their fire—a measure which was only carried into effect under the overawing presence of the rajah's brother. By this means the enemy were driven from their citadel, and in a few days from the whole of their surrounding stockades; upon which they capitulated, in hopes of being spared through the interference of the English. And in this the reader will be glad to learn that Mr Brooke was successful, though not before he had actually made preparations to leave Sarawak, and threatened to bid the reluctant rajah a final farewell.

Having thus put an end to the rebellion—which, paltry as it may appear to us, was in reality a source of great misery to the parties concerned, as their tedious tactics interrupt trade, and reduce all to a state of starvation—Mr Brooke next directed his attention to commercial negotiations with Muda Hassim. In these, after a visit with the Royalist to the sultan of Borneo, and a further survey of the country, he was eminently successful; so much so, indeed, that he obtained a right of free trading not only for the English and other people, but was offered the government of Sarawak and surrounding district, the rajah contending that commerce could not be better carried on than under the superintendence of the individual who had made the proposal. Waiving the latter offer in the meantime, Mr Brooke set sail for Singapore, with the view of obtaining a cargo of such wares as would be acceptable to the Borneos—expecting antimony ore, birds' nests, rattans, and other native produce in exchange. For this purpose he freighted the Swift, a small schooner of ninety tons, which, in company with the Royalist, entered the waters of the Sarawak in May 1841. Here, however, his difficulties commenced—difficulties, disappointments, and breaches of faith which would have damped the ardour of any one less honest and cordial in his intentions. A house and warehouse had been promised him on his return: this was not even commenced: antimony ore, to the amount of 6000 peculs, was to be in readiness: scarcely a pound, however, was collected. This was unjust and ungenerous on the part of the rajah—naturally an indolent and weak-minded man, who had been tampered with by several of his pangerans. Nothing daunted, Mr Brooke landed his cargo, overhauled his vessels, and in the meantime urged his suit. He had brought to a happy conclusion a war that had baffled the rajah, and devastated the country for four years; he had, moreover, elevated him in the respect of his people; he had reinstated him in favour (by the successful issue of the war) with his uncle, the sultan of Borneo; and for all this, was he to be duped and cheated? Besides, he had been assured of the rajah's protection and encouragement to commerce; had been promised a residence and cargo; nay, had been offered the government of the country—an offer which he rejected, seeing that it was made under the pressure of the war, and might have been thus regarded as other than a free and voluntary concession. To this reasoning Muda Hassim was all attention; admitted it in full; urged the disaffection of some of his pangerans; but promised immediate redress. Mr Brooke's residence was accordingly built, and part of the ore collected and shipped. But his cargo, which had been handed over to the rajah, and divided among his followers, was not yet one-fourth reimbursed; and what, under these circumstances, was he to do?

In this juncture, one cannot help admiring the patience, the fortitude, and knowledge of human nature which our hero displays. He resolves to despatch the Swift to Singapore with what cargo she had obtained; to send off the Royalist, and dispose of her; and himself, with three or four faithful followers, to await the issue, trusting to reason and example over Muda Hassim, and willing to sacrifice all for the regeneration of a people not naturally evil-disposed, and of a country one of the most fertile in the world. But the services of the Royalist are required: pirate tribes threaten to

ascend the Sarawak, and these must be repulsed. News reach him that the crews of certain shipwrecked English vessels are at Borneo in great distress, and that others are dispersed in slavery along the coast: these, God willing, must be released. The Royalist is therefore despatched on these missions of mercy, and Mr Brooke directs, encourages, and reforms at Sarawak—the rajah and he having become sworn friends and brothers. During the absence of the Royalist Mr Brooke ascends several of the rivers, examines the country, hunts, makes the acquaintance of the native tribes, listens to their tales of distress, intercedes for them with Muda Hassim, and in almost every case is successful. At length the Royalist arrives, having released the shipwrecked captives—Sarawak is visited by a steamer from Singapore—and everything tends favourably to strengthen the position of our philanthropic countryman. Passing, therefore, over many interesting visits to the interior, and descriptions of native customs, as well as over much preliminary diplomacy, we come at last to the cessation of Sarawak—a district sixty miles coastwise, and about fifty in average breadth—in perpetuity to Mr Brooke, who was consequently installed 'rajah,' with the customary native ceremonies, on the 1st of August 1842.

Our space will not permit us to detail the wise and benevolent laws which Mr Brooke promulgated on the occasion; suffice it to state that, respecting as far as possible the native customs, his endeavour was to establish liberty to all, free right to labour and its produce, equal justice to the poorest Dyak and most powerful Malay, and a fixed taxation instead of arbitrary and overreaching avarice. Under these circumstances, he thus journals on the 1st of January 1843:—'Another year past and gone; a year, with all its anxieties, its troubles, its dangers, upon which I can look back with satisfaction—a year in which I have been usefully employed in doing good to others. Since I last wrote, the Dyaks have been quiet, settled, and improving; the Chinese advancing towards prosperity; and the Sarawak people wonderfully contented and industrious, relieved from oppression, and fields of labour allowed them. Justice I have executed with an unflinching hand; and the amount of crime is certainly small—the petty swindling very great.

'I have nothing to say about the country, except that I have given Pangeran Macota orders to leave, which he is obeying in as far as preparing his boat; and I hope that in six weeks we shall be rid of his cunning and diabolically-intriguing presence. The Rajah Muda Hassim, his brothers, and the tag-rag following, I also hope soon to be rid of; for although they behave far better than they did at first, it is an evil to have wheel within wheel; and these young rajahs of course expect, and are accustomed to, a license which I will not allow. Budrudeen is an exception—a striking and wonderful instance of the force of good sense over evil education. The rest of the people go on well; the time revolves quietly; and the Dyaks, as well as the Malays and Chinese, enjoy the inestimable blessings of peace and security. At intervals a cloud threatens the serenity of our political atmosphere; but it speedily blows over. However, all is well and safe; so safe, that I have resolved to proceed in person to Singapore.

'My motives for going are various; but I hope to do good, to excite interest, and make friends; and I can find no season like the present for my absence. It is now two years since I left Singapore, "the boundary of civilisation." I have been out of the civilised world, living in a demi-civilised state, peaceably, innocently, and usefully.'

Having visited Singapore in the spring of 1843—where, no doubt, he represented the capabilities of his acquired country, and the commercial advantages likely to accrue from it, as well as the difficulties which would be experienced so long as piracy was suffered to prevail in the Indian Archipelago—we find him returning to Sarawak on board her majesty's ship *Dido*, commanded

by the Hon. Captain Keppel. This vessel had been ordered to visit Borneo and the adjacent islands, for the suppression of piracy—a mission which, in the course of a few months, she had so far fulfilled, that every piratical stronghold on the north coast was annihilated, and the ruffianly hordes dispersed. We cannot follow Captain Keppel in his spirited account of his rencontres with the pirates; but the following extract from Mr Brooke's journal will afford some idea of the nature and character of a piratical fleet; for in the East piracy is not a single effort, but a system of sea-life not unlike that of the old Scandinavian rovers:—'In the evening I pulled through the fleet, and inspected several of the largest prahus. The entire force consisted of eighteen boats; namely, three Malukus and fifteen Illanuns: the smallest of these boats carried thirty men, the largest (they are mostly large) upwards of a hundred; so that, at a moderate computation, the number of fighting men might be reckoned at from five to six hundred. The Illanun expedition had been absent from Magindano upwards of three years, during which time they had cruised amongst the Moluccas and islands to the eastward, had haunted Boni Bay and Celebes, and beat up the Straits of Makassar. Many of their boats, however, being worn out, they had fitted out Bugis prize prahus, and were now on their return home. They had recently attacked one of the Tambelan islands, and had been repulsed; and report said they intended a descent upon Sirhassan, one of the southern Natunas group. These large prahus are too heavy to pull well, though they carry thirty, forty, and even fifty oars: their armament is one or two six-pounders in the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. The boat is divided into three sections, and fortified with strong planks, one behind the bow, one amidships, and one astern, to protect the steersman. The women and children are crammed down below, where the unhappy prisoners are likewise stowed away during an action. Their principal plan is boarding a vessel, if possible, and carrying her by numbers; and certainly if a merchantman fired ill, she would inevitably be taken; but with grape and canister fairly directed, the slaughter would be so great, that they would be glad to sheer off before they neared a vessel. This is, of course, supposing a calm; for in a breeze they would never have the hardihood to venture far from land with a ship in sight, and would be sorry to be caught at a distance. Their internal constitution is as follows:—One chief, a man usually of rank, commands the whole fleet; each boat has her captain, and generally from five to ten of his relations, free men; the rest, amounting to above four-fifths, are slaves, more or less forced to pursue this course of life. They have, however, the right of plunder, which is indiscriminate, with certain exceptions; namely, slaves, guns, money, or any other heavy articles, together with the very finest description of silks and cloths, belonging to the chiefs and free men; and the rest obey the rule of "first come, first served." No doubt the slaves become attached to this predatory course of life: but it must always be remembered that they are slaves, and have no option; and it appears to me that, in the operation of our laws, some distinction ought to be drawn on this account, to suit the circumstances of the case. The *datus*, or chiefs, are incorrigible; for they are pirates by descent, robbers from pride as well as taste, and they look upon the occupation as the most honourable hereditary pursuit. They are indifferent to blood, fond of plunder, but fondest of slaves: they despise trade, though its profits be greater; and, as I have said, they look upon this as their "calling," and the noblest occupation of chiefs and free men. Their swords they show with boasts, as having belonged to their ancestors, who were pirates, renowned and terrible in their day; and they always speak of their ancestral heir-loom as decayed from its pristine vigour, but still the wielding of it as the highest of earthly existences. That it is, in

reality, the most accursed, there can be no doubt; for its chief support are slaves they capture on the different coasts. If they attack an island, the women and children, and as many of the young men as they require, are carried off. Every boat they take furnishes its quota of slaves; and when they have a full cargo, they quit that coast or country, and visit another, in order to dispose of their human spoil to the best advantage.*

Since the expedition of the *Dido*, other war-vessels have cruised in the Asiatic Archipelago—all tending to suppress piracy, and encourage native trade and commerce. The island of Labuan, off Borneo, has been ceded to England, and Mr Brooke appointed agent for the British government—an appointment which confers on him additional power and influence. Thus, in the course of five short years, has a complete revolution been worked in one of the fairest portions of our globe, and a new and better system of things been established, all through the enlightened and philanthropic energy of a single individual—showing how much can really be accomplished when an honest, cordial, and unselfish nature is engaged in a holy cause. We regard the proceedings of Mr Brooke as the commencement of a new era in the history of the Indian Archipelago—an era which, under the favour of more enlightened views at home, is yet destined to realise all that was planned and propounded by his model and prototype, Sir Stamford Raffles.

JOTTINGS FROM HUME'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

A WORK in two large volumes on the life of an eminent philosopher, is not fit subject for treatment in these pages. We merely propose—with a general acknowledgment of the industry, judgment, and good taste of the author—to run trippingly over a few of the more lively and appreciable points of his work, aiming rather to amuse an idle half hour for our readers, than to afford them an insight into the recesses of a profound subject.

It will be new to the public at large, that David Hume was ever in love, or ever wrote poetry; but Mr Burton brings forward evidence for both conclusions. The following is a specimen of his verses—written to a lady who expressed a suspicion that the friendship of men to her sex always concealed a more dangerous passion:—

'Hang, my lyre, upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn,
Or along the foaming billow,
Float, the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Airs no more thy warbling raises,
Such as Laura deigns approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises;
Artless friendship—calls it love.

Impious love, that, spurning duty,
Spurning nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love no more, profaning
Truth with dark suspicion's wound;
Or, if still the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love, that name is given,
Angels, to your purest flames;
Such a love as merits heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.'

Perhaps the love of Mr Hume rarely or never exceeded these very spiritual limits. As not irrelevant to the subject, we may cite a passage from a letter, written in 1748, in which he gives an account of the love affair of another intellectual person—*Pope's* Earl of Marchmont.

'Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was

at the play, where he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, air, and manner, made such a powerful and wonderful effect upon him, as was visible to every bystander. His raptures were so undigested, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that everybody took notice of it. He soon was told that her name was Crompton, a linen-draper's daughter, that had been bankrupt last year, and had not been able to pay above five shillings in the pound. The fair nymph herself was about sixteen or seventeen, and being supported by some relations, appeared in every public place, and had fatigued every eye but that of his lordship, which, being entirely employed in the severer studies, had never till that fatal moment opened upon her charms. Such and so powerful was their effect, as to be able to justify all the Pharamonds and Cyruses in their utmost extravagances. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring leave to visit his daughter on honourable terms; and in a few days she will be Countess of Marchmont.* All this is certainly true. They say many small fevers prevent a great one. Heaven be praised that I have always liked the persons and company of the fair sex! for by that means I hope to escape such ridiculous passions. But could you ever suspect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont, of becoming so tender and gentle a swain—an Artamenes, an Oroondates?'

Somewhat later (1751), he has to tell a lady friend (Mrs Dysart) that his elder brother, the laird of Nine-wells, is married, and that he and his sister will consequently have to quit the paternal mansion. We give some droll passages of the letter:—'Our friend at last plucked up a resolution, and has ventured on that dangerous encounter. He went off on Monday morning; and this is the first action of his life wherein he has engaged himself, without being able to compute exactly the consequences. But what arithmetic will serve to fix the proportion between good and bad wives, and rate the different classes of each? Sir Isaac Newton himself, who could measure the course of the planets, and weigh the earth as in a pair of scales—even he had not algebra enough to reduce that amiable part of our species to a just equation; and they are the only heavenly bodies whose orbits are as yet uncertain. * * Since my brother's departure, Katty and I have been computing in our turn, and the result of our deliberation is, that we are to take up house in Berwick; where, if arithmetic and frugality don't deceive us (and they are pretty certain arts), we shall be able, after providing for hunger, warmth, and cleanliness, to keep a stock in reserve, which we may afterwards turn either to the purposes of hoarding, luxury, or charity. * * My compliments to his solicitorship.† Unfortunately I have not a horse at present to carry my fat carcass to pay its respects to his superior obesity. But if he finds travelling requisite either for his health or the captain's, we shall be glad to entertain him here, as long as we can do it at another's expense; in hopes we shall soon be able to do it at our own.

'Pray tell the solicitor that I have been reading lately, in an old author called Strabo, that in some cities of ancient Gaul there was a fixed legal standard established for corpulence; and that the senate kept a measure, beyond which, if any belly presumed to increase, the proprietor of that belly was obliged to pay a fine to the public, proportionable to its rotundity. Ill would it fare with his worship and I if such a law should pass our parliament; for I am afraid we are already got beyond the statute.

'I wonder, indeed, no happy of the treasury has ever thought of this method of raising money. Taxes on luxury are always most approved of; and no one will say that the carrying about a portly belly is of any use

* Life and Correspondence of David Hume, from the papers bequeathed by his nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other original sources. By John Hill Burton, Esq. Advocate. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Tait. 1846.

* The marriage took place accordingly on the day following the date of the letter; namely, 30th January. She was the second wife of Lord Marchmont; his first countess, whose name was Western, having died on 24th May of the previous year.

† Alexander Home, solicitor-general for Scotland.

or necessity. 'Tis a mere superfluous ornament; and is a proof, too, that its proprietor enjoys greater plenty than he puts to a good use; and therefore 'tis fit to reduce him to a level with his fellow-subjects, by taxes and impositions.

'As the lean people are the most active, unquiet, and ambitious, they everywhere govern the world, and may certainly oppress their antagonists whenever they please. Heaven forbid that Whig and Tory should ever be abolished; for then the nation might be split into fat and lean; and our faction, I am afraid, would be in piteous taking. The only comfort is, if they oppressed us very much, we should at last change sides with them.'

It appears that his housekeeping, after all, began two years later in Edinburgh, where he had procured the situation of keeper of the Advocates' Library, with a salary of forty pounds a-year. 'I shall exult and triumph to you a little,' he says to Dr Clephane, 'that I have now at last—being turned of forty, to my own honour, to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family; consisting of a head, namely, myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence?—I have it in a supreme degree. Honour?—that is not altogether wanting. Grace?—that will come in time. A wife?—that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books?—that is one of them, and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of, in a greater or less degree; and without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied.' The scene of this singular contentment was 'Riddel's Land, Lawnmarket,' probably a portion of a floor of one of those lofty composite houses which abound in Edinburgh. But Hume was more than an easily-satisfied man. He had a true independence of spirit, directing him, in narrow circumstances, to be a burden to no one; and though needful of means, and possessed of talents for many profitable drudgeries, he so loved letters, that for their sake he could endure any degree of poverty.

When our philosopher had a thousand pounds, he thought himself independent. In 1756, when forty-five years of age, and after the first volume of his history of England had appeared, he plumed himself on having a fortune of £1600, producing, at five per cent, the pay of two French captains. But these traits of scholarly simplicity are nothing to what we hear of his friend Wilkie, a clerical poet, who, when assistant minister of Ratho, had twenty pounds a-year, and 'could not conceive what article, either of human convenience or pleasure, he was deficient in, nor what any man could mean by desiring more money.' This man, who was immensely erudite, had originally been a farmer. 'Two or three years ago,' says Hume, 'Jemmy Russel put a very pleasant trick on an English physician, one Dr Roebuck, who was travelling in this country. Russel carried him out one day on horseback to see the outlets of the town, and purposely led him by Wilkie's farm. He saw the bard at a small distance, sowing his corn, with a sheet about him, all besmeared with dirt and sweat, with a coat and visage entirely proportioned to his occupation. Russel says to his companion, "Here is a fellow, a peasant, with whom I have some business: let us call him." He made a sign, and Wilkie came to them. Some questions were asked him with regard to the season, to his farm and husbandry, which he readily answered; but soon took an opportunity of digressing to the Greek poets, and enlarging on that branch of literature. Dr Roebuck, who had scarce understood his rustic English, or rather his broad Scotch, immediately comprehended him, for his Greek was admirable; and on leaving him, he could not forbear expressing the highest admiration to Russel, that a clown, a rustic, a

mere hind—such as he saw this fellow was—should be possessed of so much erudition. "Is it usual," says he, "for your peasants in Scotland to read the Greek poets?" "Oh yes," replies Russel very coolly; "we have long winter evenings; and in what can they employ themselves better than in reading the Greek poets?" Roebuck left the country in a full persuasion that there are at least a dozen farmers in every parish who read Homer, Hesiod, and Sophocles every winter evening to their families; and if ever he writes an account of his travels, it is likely he will not omit so curious a circumstance.'

It is interesting to find Hume, after several blazing years of lionization at Paris, and acting there for a time as the British ambassador, returning (1769) to his little mansion in James's Court, Edinburgh, and joining once more in the homely and familiar society of his old friends. He thus addresses his friend Adam Smith, who was then composing his treatise on the Wealth of Nations in an equally humble mansion at Kirkcaldy. The letter gives an odd idea of the difficulties which then beset a ferry, now traversed hourly by well-appointed steamers. 'I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows; but as I wish also to be within speaking terms of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose. I am mortally sick at sea, and regard with horror, and a kind of hydrophobia, the great gulf* that lies between us. I am also tired of travelling, as much as you ought naturally to be of staying at home. I therefore propose to you to come hither and pass some days with me in this solitude. I want to know what you have been doing; and propose to exact a rigorous account of the method in which you have employed yourself during your retreat. I am positive you are in the wrong in many of your speculations, especially where you have the misfortune to differ from me. All these are reasons for our meeting, and I wish you would make me some reasonable proposal for that purpose. There is no habitation on the island of Inchkeith, otherwise I should challenge you to meet me on that spot, and neither of us ever to leave the place till we were fully agreed on all points of controversy. I expect General Conway here to-morrow, whom I shall attend to Roseneath, and I shall remain there a few days. On my return, I expect to find a letter from you, containing a bold acceptance of this defiance.'

To Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, grandfather of the present Earl of Minto, he thus playfully details some of his studies at this time:—'I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except, perhaps, a jaunt to the north of England for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life! I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage (a charming dish), and old mutton, and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth in a manner that Mr Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreiff: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for, as to the giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition, as thinking it will redound very much to my honour.'

Here it may be pertinent to introduce the following remarks of the author:—'The impression of Hume's

* The Firth of Forth.

character, acquired by one who has sought it in the tenor of his works, and the history of his literary career, is quite different from that which we derive from those who knew him, and were connected with the social circle in which he lived. The former is solitary, self-relying, and unimpressible even to sternness; the latter is good, easy, simple, social, and amenable to the sway of gentle impulses. These two representations are not without a harmony of principle. In all serious matters, in his projects of literary ambition, in the philosophy he taught mankind, in all that was to connect him with posterity and the intellectual destiny of the human race, he was resolute and uncompromising. But the exhibition of his strength was reserved for the arena of his triumphs; and in domestic and social intercourse he put aside his helmet, with its nodding plumes; feeling that the intellectual exhibitions suited for that sphere, should spring from whatever Nature had bestowed on him of sweet, and peaceful, and kind—whatever was fitted to drive rancour or angry emulation from the bosom, and to render life delightful. Hence to appear in the social circle as an intellectual gladiator, does not appear to have been his wish; he was content if he gave himself and others pleasure. On the same point we have some memoranda from the late Chief Commissioner Adam, who had known Hume in his boyhood:—"In all the intercourse of life, and in all he said, and wrote, and did, when not employed in his unnecessary metaphysical scepticism (well-named by a friend of mine intellectual rope-dancing), he was innocent, playful, and moral, and most natural in his conversation: equally pleasing and instructive to the young and old of both sexes. He could bring himself down, without effort, to the most familiar playfulness with young persons; and particularly delighted in the conversation of youthful females."

'Mr Hume was one of our constant visitors, making, as was the custom of those days, tea-time the hour of calling. In the summer he would often stroll to my father's beautiful villa of North Merchiston. On one occasion—I was then a boy of thirteen—he, missing my mother, made his tea-drinking good with two or three young ladies of eighteen or nineteen (his acquaintances), who were my mother's guests. I recollect perfectly how agreeably he talked to them; and my recollection has been rendered permanent by an occurrence which caused some mirth and no mischief. When the philosopher was amusing himself in conversation with the young ladies, the chair began to give way under him, and gradually brought him to the floor. The damsels were both alarmed and amused, when Mr Hume, recovering himself, and getting upon his legs, said in his broad Scotch tone, but in English words (for he never used Scotch), "Young ladies, you must tell Mr Adam to keep stronger chairs for heavy philosophers."

SUMNER'S PEACE ORATION.

THE 4th of July has been set apart by the people of the United States as a national holiday, in commemoration of the achievement of their political independence, and is in some parts of the country signalled by public assemblages, at which an oration of a patriotic kind is delivered. On the last occasion of this anniversary in the city of Boston, the customary oration was delivered to a large audience by Charles Sumner, an American-born citizen; and, to the surprise of all present, it consisted of a fearless denunciation of war, on general grounds, as well as in special reference to its fatal encouragement by the citizens of the United States. The satisfaction with which the address inspired the local authorities having led to its publication, under the title of the 'True Grandeur of Nations,' copies have reached England, and a pamphlet, purporting to be extracts from the original, has been just issued by the committee of the Liverpool Peace Society.

Those living remote from large towns in Great Britain, are probably not aware that latterly, in various places,

there has been a considerable, though not obtrusive movement, against the principle and practice of war, and in favour of universal peace. Observing with pleasure the daily progress of humane sentiment, we can have little hesitation in saying that this anti-war movement is likely to increase in volume and power, and, in the long run, to be effectual for its object. To all who feel interested in the great destinies of our race, such a movement will be cheering in no ordinary degree, and everything which marks its progress must be to them a matter of the deepest concern. Desirous of aiding, however feebly, a cause so grand and momentous, we beg to make our readers acquainted with the oration of Mr Sumner, which for taste, eloquence, and scholarship, as well as for fearless intrepidity, has been rarely equalled in modern harangues. Mr Sumner states, in commencing, that he does not propose to pass judgment on the wars in which his country has already been engaged. On each occasion the people acted in accordance with the notions in which they had been educated; but now they are able to recognise the supremacy of the moral faculties, and to despise an appeal to brute force for the settlement of their quarrels. 'In our age,' he proceeds, 'there can be no peace that is not honourable; there can be no war that is not dishonourable. The true honour of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment, vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor, and alone worthy of honour, who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honour in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honour, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim, "The world does not know its greatest men;" for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing. It is not to be disguised that these views differ from the generally received opinions of the world down to this day. The voice of man has been given mostly to the praise of military chieftains, and the honours of victory have been chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, has stamped on his tender mind, at that age more impressive than wax, the images of war; she has nursed his slumbers with its melodies; she has pleased his waking hours with its stories; and selected for his playthings the plume and the sword. The child is father to the man; and who can weigh the influence of these early impressions on the opinions of later years? The mind which trains the child is like the hand which commands the end of a long lever; a gentle effort at that time suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth, he is fed, like Achilles, not only on honey and milk, but on bear's flesh and lion's marrow. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature whose beautiful fields have been moistened by human blood. And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his services in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the highest prizes of honour. For him is the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul swells at the thought that he also is a soldier; that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms in the cause of their country;

and perhaps he dreams that he too may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave.

With regard to the character of war, it is clearly an attempt, on the part of two nations, to overpower each other by force. 'Reason, and the divine part of our nature, in which alone we differ from the beasts; in which alone we approach the Divinity; in which alone are the elements of justice, the professed object of war, are dethroned. It is, in short, a temporary adoption, by men, of the character of wild beasts, emulating their ferocity, rejoicing like them in blood, and seeking, as with a lion's paw, to hold an asserted right. This character of war is somewhat disguised, in more recent days, by the skill and knowledge which it employs; it is, however, still the same, made more destructive by the genius and intellect which have been degraded to its servants. The early poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this strikingly apparent. All the heroes of Homer are likened, in their rage, to the ungovernable fury of animals or things devoid of human reason or human affection.' Modern literature is full of many such allusions.

The orator considers the consequences of a resort to this brute force in the pursuit of justice. 'The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations, and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries—the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace—would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes, to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse, which have become woven into a thick web, would be suddenly snapped asunder; friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters which each fortnight are speeded from this port alone across the sea, could no longer be sent; and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation?' But this is nothing in comparison to the scenes of horror caused by war. 'At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, gray hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood. And yet this is called "a glorious exploit." This was a conquest by the French. At a later day, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued, in the license of victory, a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated, the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged, fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city, and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men dropped from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored; and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced [by Alison] "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again with added atrocities. Let the story be told in the words of a partial historian [Napier]: "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled! The wounded were then looked to—the dead disposed of."

After some further illustrations of the same kind, Mr Sumner refers to the terrific sufferings of Genoa at the close of last century. 'In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French Republic, which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunk forces, under Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian general on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbour, to force the strong defences by assault, the city is invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country is cut off on the one side, while the harbour is closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful inhabitants, more than those of Boston in number, besides the French troops. Provisions soon become scarce, scarcity sharpens into want, till fell famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, rages like an Erinny. Picture to yourself this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noonday—the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. When grain and rice fail, flax-seed, millet, cocoas, and almonds, are ground by hand-mills into flour; and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for 32 cents [1s. 4d.]; a pound of bran for 30 cents [1s. 3d.]; a pound of flour, 1 dollar 75 cents [about 6s. 6d.]. A single bean is soon sold for four cents [2d.]; and a biscuit of three ounces for 2 dollars 25 cents [about 10s. 6d.]; and finally none are to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies. Recourse is now had to herbs—monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain, enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese, and a few vegetables, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded—those sacred stipendiaries upon human charity. Men and women in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, gasping their last breath on the un pitying stones of the streets. Alas! not more un pitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to protect—the orphans of an hour—with piercing cries seek in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but none pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rush out of the gates, and impale themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitate themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) are driven to eat their shoes, and devour the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh has so far abated, that numbers feed, like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead. At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honours of war;" but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa but a brief span of time; for Bonaparte had already descended, like an eagle, from the Alps, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, on the vast plains of Marengo, shattered, as with an iron mace, the Austrian empire in Italy.'

Our next extract will refer to a branch of the subject which may be said to lie at the basis of the whole question. We allude to a selfish or exaggerated love of country. Exclusive love for the land of our birth is

not less irrational than immoral. 'It has been a part of the policy of rulers to encourage this exclusive patriotism; and the people of modern times have each inherited the feeling of antiquity. I do not know that any one nation is in a condition to reproach the other with this patriotic selfishness. All are selfish. Among us, the sentiment has become active, while it has derived new force from the point with which it has been expressed. An officer of our navy, one of the so-called heroes nurtured by war, whose name has been praised in churches, has gone beyond all Greek, all Roman example. "Our country, *be she right or wrong!*" was his exclamation; a sentiment dethroning God, and enthroning the devil, whose flagitious character should be rebuked by every honest heart. "Our country, our whole country, and *nothing but our country!*" are other words, which have often been painted on banners, and echoed by the voices of innumerable multitudes. Cold and dreary, narrow and selfish, would be this life, if *nothing but our country* occupied our souls; if the thoughts that wander through eternity, if the infinite affections of our nature, were restrained to that spot of earth where we have been placed by the accident of birth.

'I do not inculcate an indifference to country. We incline, by a natural sentiment, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes, in indelible colours, all these things upon the heart of man; so that, in the dread extremities of death, he reverts in fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection, for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is blind in its nature, and it is the duty of each of us to take care that it does not absorb the whole character. In the moral night which has enveloped the world, each nation thus far has lived ignorant and careless, to much extent, of the interests of others, which it imperfectly saw; but this thick darkness has now been scattered, and we begin to discern, all gilded by the beams of morning, the distant mountain-peaks of other lands. We find that God has not placed us on this earth alone; that there are other nations, equally with us, children of his protecting care.

'Viewing, then, the different people on the globe as all deriving their blood from a common source, and separated only by the accident of mountains, rivers, and seas, into those distinctions around which cluster the associations of country, we must regard all the children of the earth as members of the great human family. Discord in this family is treason to God; while all war is nothing else than civil war. It will be in vain that we restrain this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the petty dissensions of a single state. The muse of history, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of universal man the sympathy which has been profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of country, and shall pronounce *all war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man.*

Having employed various arguments to show the folly and crime of war, he observes that there is still one more consideration, yielding to none of the others in importance—that of the enormous cost of actual warfare, as well as of the preparations for war in time of peace. The summary which he presents on this head is exceedingly striking; but instructive as it is, we must necessarily give it in a condensed form; and, for the sake of clearness, shall turn his calculations by dollars into sterling money.

'According to the most recent tables, the public debt of the different European states amounts to one billion three hundred and thirty millions six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds—all the growth of war. It is said

that there are, throughout these states, seventeen millions nine hundred thousand paupers, or persons subsisting at the expense of the country, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of the public debt, forming only a part of what has been wasted in war, could be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each of them L78, 2s. 6d.—a sum which would place all above want.'

Excessive as are the burdens imposed on European nations by war debts and current war expenditure, it appears that the proportion of outlay on war is much greater in the United States—a fact which will astonish a number of our readers. 'Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States in the scale of the nations for military preparations in time of peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts. These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of government: in Austria, as 33 per cent.; in France, as 38 per cent.; in Prussia, as 44 per cent.; in Great Britain, as 74 per cent.; in the United States, as 80 per cent.'

'By a table of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the public debt, it appears that, in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present government in 1789 down to 1843, there has been spent the enormous sum of *seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars* (L361,458,333)—a sum beyond the conception of human faculties—sunk, under the sanction of the government of the United States, in mere *peaceful preparations for war*; more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever!'

Mr Sumner seems to be very properly aware, that of such statements the mind fails to take any adequate grasp. The idea of hundreds of millions of money is apparently beyond ordinary comprehension; and to this fact is perhaps, in no small degree, owing the heedlessness as to war expenses. In order, therefore, to bring the matter more clearly before his auditors, the orator refers to the comparative cost of certain venerable and useful institutions, and that of a war-vessel lying at anchor in the harbour of Boston. He refers first to the Harvard university, the oldest institution of the kind in the states, 'the most important seat of learning in the land; possessing the oldest and most valuable library, one of the largest museums of mineralogy and natural history; a school of law, which annually receives into its bosom more than one hundred and fifty sons from all parts of the Union, where they listen to instruction from professors whose names have become among the most valuable possessions of the land; a school of divinity, the nurse of true learning and piety; one of the largest and most flourishing schools of medicine in the country: besides these, a general body of teachers, twenty-seven in number, many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe where science, learning, and taste are cherished. It appears, from the last report of the treasurer, that the whole available property of the university—the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity—amounts to 703,175 dollars (L152,354, 4s. 2d.). There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbour, a ship of the line—the Ohio—carrying ninety guns, costing, with its armament, 834,845 dollars (L180,049, 15s.); more than 100,000 dollars beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land.

'Let us pursue the comparison still further. The account of the expenditures of the university during the last year, for the general purposes of the college, the instruction of the under-graduates, and for the schools of law and divinity, amounts to 45,949 dollars (L9535, 9s.). The cost of the Ohio for one year in service—in salaries, wages, and provisions—is 220,000 dollars (L47,666, 13s.), being 175,000 dollars (L38,131, 4s.) more than the annual expenditures of the university; more than *four times* as much. In other words, for the annual sum which is lavished on one ship of the line,

four institutions like Harvard university might be sustained throughout the country! Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of the captain of a ship like the *Ohio* is 4500 dollars (L.970) when in service, 3500 dollars (L.733, 6s. 8d.) when on leave of absence or off duty. The salary of the president of the Harvard university is 2205 dollars (L.477, 15s.), without leave of absence, and never being off duty.

Passing over numerous arguments proving the unchristian character of war, we arrive at the orator's exposition of the remedy for this universal disease. 'In nearly every instance, war fails to secure the rights for which arms were taken up. Each party, as the war proceeds, becomes tired of the contest; and the affair generally ends by leaving the matter in dispute where it stood at the outset. Thus, the last war with the United States and Britain was utterly fruitless in any result but loss on both sides. It being impossible to obtain justice by war, what is the alternative? The various modes which have been proposed for the termination of disputes between nations, are negotiation, arbitration, mediation, and a congress of nations; all of them practicable, and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Let it not be said, then, that war is a necessity: and may our country aim at the true glory of taking the lead in the recognition of these, as the only proper modes of determining justice between nations!'

We heartily wish that Mr Sumner may be able to impress these considerations on the minds of his countrymen, who at the present moment seem little disposed to consign national disputes to just and peaceful arbitration.

FUNERAL-FANCYING DOG.

My attention was recently taken up by reading in *Chambers's Miscellany* a very interesting article, entitled 'Anecdotes of Dogs;' and the instances adduced by the writer of the personal attachment, fidelity, educability, sagacity, benevolence, and eccentricities of dogs, are highly amusing and surprising. I was particularly struck with an account given of a dog which, a few years ago, attended all the fires that occurred in London, as forming a very close resemblance to a dog which I knew, a few years ago, belonging to Mr Henderson, late post-master, Fort-William, which attended every funeral that took place in that village and neighbourhood. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was a rough, thick-set, stout little animal—a cross between a cocker and a terrier. His master taught him nothing, nor seemed to take much notice of him. Gilliemor was his name, and a sulky, surly little fellow he was, as all the urchins who used to play about the post-office could testify; for he had a mortal hatred to their noise, as he had also to beggars, at whom he would bark and snap furiously. He did not seem to be particularly attached to any person, nor did he care much about being caressed; neither did he associate with other dogs. The only remarkable feature in his character was his predilection for attending funerals. Whenever a funeral happened, although it were ten miles distant, and although he had to cross ferries, rivers, and often arms of the sea, the moment the coffin appeared, Gilliemor appeared also, and never left its side until it reached the burying-ground. There he would look anxiously on while the body was being interred; and that melancholy duty over, he would immediately trot away home, or set off to attend some other funeral. He has been known to attend many funerals in different parts of the country in one day. When any person died near his master's residence, on the day of the funeral Gilliemor, as usual, employed himself in driving away the noisy children and beggars, till within a few minutes of the hour specified in the funeral letters, when he would shake himself, as if dressing, and trudge away to join in the mournful procession. This was so well known in the place, and people became so much accustomed to it, that it excited very little surprise; and scarcely any notice was taken of Gilliemor, unless among the ignorant and superstitious, who looked upon him as an indispensable chief mourner, and always wished the favour of his company to the place of interment.—*Correspondent of Courant.*

A GREEK ALLEGORY.

DEEP in a forest lay the shepherd Mysisus,
Where the thick boughs made twilight dim all day;
And the pressed hyacinths, in scent delicious,
Beside him breathed their frail pure lives away;
He, evermore, through the wood's stillness crying,
'Echo, sweet echo, listen to my sighing.'

'Echo, sweet echo, oft I hear low voices
Stirring the leaves and whispering in the grass,
And my sick heart leaps up in wild rejoices,
To think it may be thou who near doest pass;
I, who have heard thee once, must ever pine,
Until I look upon thy form divine.

Nymph, goddess, shade, whiche'er thou art, oh never
Will this mad longing from my spirit flee;
Nor seeking, will I shrink from the endeavour,
Until I clasp grim death itself—or thee!
Death came; but never in the haunted shade
Did Mysisus gaze upon the phantom-maid.

And many a young heart, in after ages,
Has formed, like him, some idol for its shrine—
Fame, poetry, or love—which all engages
Its powers, and with its every thought does twine;
A voice is heard, a shadow glads the eyes;
The soul's ideal ever onwards flies.

Yet life has treasures rich to give, love-worthy
And beautiful, oh foolish shepherd boy;
Hast thou but seen the fair things that bloomed for thee,
The woods, the skies, the flowers all breathing joy,
Thou hadst not pined away in lone unrest,
But drank of nature's fulness, and been blest.

D. M. M.

CONTEMPLATION.

Contemplation is the peculiar attribute of man, who alone dives into the causes and effects of things. Without it, memory and observation are in great part useless; for we can profit but little by what we see and remember, unless we rightly think. It forms facts into systems, even as the architect erects with his materials, and reduces into harmony and order, the discordant and confused. It especially distinguishes great minds, and separates them from the herd of the superficial and the shallow. Because some men neglect it, they are passively moulded into any form which chance or fortune in its caprice may choose for them, and, like straws upon the stream, they are carried onwards by the current of opinion. Did you contemplate oftener, you would no longer complain that your studies are laborious in pursuit, but sterile in their consequences: you would glean more knowledge with less toil. The mind should view the subject it considers in all its phases, and should divide it into its elements, even as the prism acts upon the light. It should search for theories to explain details, and for details to illustrate and confirm theories. It should be perpetually on the wing—arranging, comparing, analysing, deducing. Do you know a man superior to all the rest of your acquaintance, be sure he is habituated to contemplation; it is this which has given such strength to his reason, such depth to his judgment.—*Self-Culture.*

HOW TO BE LOVED.

To be really loved, we should cultivate, by all our language and conduct, a certain reverence in others towards us; even in those between whom and ourselves familiarity has been longest established. At the same time we should take care to excite no apprehension, either by ill-natured exhibitions of wit (if we have it), or by displaying any species of power or superiority. Genuine attachment naturally allies itself with respectful deportment; and the most rooted dislike is the offspring of dread. To express all in a distich—

True love to win, live so that men revere you;
To gain their hatred, live to make them fear you.

—*Literary Florets*, 1846.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 80, Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission by W. B. One, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by BRADBURY and EVANS, Whitefriars, London.